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A Guide
TO
Newport
Rhode Island





A GUIDE
TO
NEWPORT
RHODE ISLAND

GABRIEL WEIS
124 Bellevue Avenue
NEWPORT

489 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

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A GUIDE

to

Newport, Rhode Island



NEWPORT, the Queen of Watering Places, the Social Capital of America, and one of the most beautiful spots on God's footstool, is also one of the oldest cities in this country, and one of the most interesting from an historical standpoint and from the number of its existing associations with the past.

Newport is situated on the lower portion of the island of Rhode Island, called by the Indians, Aquidneck (The Isle of Peace). This island, about thirteen miles long and three wide, lying in Narragansett Bay, was the refuge to which, in 1637, a small band of Englishmen, headed by Dr. John Clark and William Coddington, fled from the colony of Massachusetts, in order to worship God according to their own belief.

The island was bought from the Narragansett Indians, with the usual fairness of the white settlers, for a few garments and agricultural implements and two torkepes (whatever they may be); and the name changed to Rhode Island, perhaps a corrupt form of "red island", from the general reddish color of the rocks and soil, but more likely from a supposed similarity to the Isle of Rhodes, on account of the roses which grew (and still grow) in great beauty and abundance upon the shores.

To Nicholas Easton must be given the credit for having had the far-sighted sagacity to select the site of Newport. The band of settlers had chosen for their abode a spot where was an Indian village called Pocasset (which name they

changed to Portsmouth). But Easton wanted a better location; and after cruising along the coast, he and his sons, Peter and John, landed one morning, May 2, 1639, to be exact, at the point where Pelham Street now begins; ascended the hill, doubtless attracted by the curious stone structure they found at the top; and decided to remain.

They built a cabin where Farewell Street now runs. This structure was destroyed by fire two years later; but other houses had already been erected by colonists who joined the Eastons, the town boundaries laid out, and Newport was firmly established.

One of the new-comers was Benedict Arnold (no ancestor of Arnold the traitor). He became Governor of the colony, owned considerable land, including the hill where the "Old Stone Mill" stands, and is buried on this property, on the grounds of the Governor Van Zandt mansion on Pelham Street.

Other prominent colonists were William Coddington and William Brenton, whose names are perpetuated by Coddington's Cove and Brenton's Point. Coddington was a large land-owner, and as Governor was ambitious to set himself up as a little king of the island; but his neighbors so strongly objected that he was compelled to leave.

Brenton also became Governor. He owned a large estate which he called "Hammersmith Farm", after his native town in England. It is said that the first daisies in America were those brought from the old country by Brenton and planted on his farm. His residence, called "The Chimneys", was the first of the great mansions of which Newport has so many.

This house, in fact the entire town of Newport, was a refuge for the white settlers from the Indians who ravaged the mainland. That part of the Narragansett tribe which remained on the island was always friendly and helpful to the whites.

It was Brenton who surveyed the town, and who laid out

two of the principal thoroughfares—Thames Street, running along the water-front, and Spring Street, named from a famous spring of water on which the settlers depended.

The little community grew and thrived. It became a prosperous seaport, having a regular line of vessels running to London. Numerous Portuguese Jews, men of industry and wealth, settled in Newport, and added to its commercial importance. Sugar was brought from the West Indies to be refined here. Sperm oil, candles, cotton and woolen goods, sea food and farm produce, were largely exported. J. Fenimore Cooper's novel, "The Red Rover", describes the town of Newport at this time.

For over one hundred years Newport enjoyed an unbroken period of peace and plenty, secure in her sturdy independence, governing herself and tending strictly to her own business and pleasure, without fear or favor of anyone. This prosperity was viewed with jealous eyes by the mother country, and English ships of war frequently entered Newport Harbor, their crews making depredations upon the town, such as seizing herds of cattle, without offering the slightest apology or redress. This insolence was patiently borne by the peace-loving Newporters until 1765, when, incensed by repeated violence, a mob drove back the sailors, and set fire to their boats. Another street fight with British sailors, in 1768, resulted in the killing of one of the citizens. Instead of receiving reparation, the town was further insulted by having a regiment of English troops and a fleet of vessels sent to watch it. Anxious to be revenged, the Newporters seized and scuttled the "Liberty", a particularly obnoxious English vessel. This was the first actual act of rebellion of the American colonies against English rule; and thus Newport may claim the credit for being the first to light the fire of liberty, in 1769, six years before the battle of Lexington.

A second occurrence of violent retaliation against British

oppression was on June 10, 1772, when a band of Newport citizens in boats, armed with cobblestones, attacked and burned the "Gaspé", and severely wounded her commander, Lieutenant Duddingston. This unprincipled ruffian had ruthlessly ravaged the Rhode Island coast for several months, destroying unoffending fishing vessels, and confiscating everything he could lay hands on. The attack on the "Gaspé" caused the first bloodshed in the struggle for American independence, and was the first resistance to the British navy.

A little later, the Newporters refused to salute the British flag, and nursing their grievances, they hastened to join Massachusetts and Virginia in a confederacy against the unkind and exceedingly unwise mother country. The Newport Light Infantry was organized in 1774, Fort George was fortified, stores of provisions and munitions were laid in, and everything put in readiness for the rapidly approaching struggle. When the news of the Lexington fight reached Newport, she was ready; and from that moment until the victorious end of the Revolution, Newport played a prominent part.

Washington once complained that the Rhode Island troops, by their excessive zeal, gave him more trouble than any men in his army. Colonel Olney, their commander, replied, "That is precisely what the enemy says." Newport alone furnished 4,000 men to the infant American navy.

A British officer wrote to Abraham Whipple, who led the attack on the "Gaspé",—"I will hang you at the yard-arm." To which Whipple answered, "Always catch a man before you hang him."

The exposed position of Newport placed her directly under the fire of British vessels, but also enabled her to communicate to neighboring towns the news of the enemy's movements, by means of enormous brushwood fires lighted on top of Beacon Hill, overlooking the ocean.

On one occasion, when Sir James Wallace, the British commander, threatened to fire on Newport and warned the inhabitants to leave, certain women refused to do so, and thereby saved the town, as the officer was unwilling to war against women. All of the able-bodied men were in the army, all manufacturing and commerce ceased, and the town was practically abandoned.

In 1776, a British fleet arrived with 10,000 men, who were quartered in the houses and churches. Trinity Church alone was spared from desecration, as its steeple bore a crown, which the troops considered to be the crown of England. This crown remains on Old Trinity at the present day.

In the spring of 1777, General Prescott was placed in command at Newport. This tyrannical officer held such insolent and despotic rule over the poor townspeople as to procure for him their deepest hatred. His headquarters were in the colonial mansion still standing at the corner of Pelham and Spring Streets, then owned by John Bannister, a wealthy citizen.

General Prescott did not like the Spring Street cobblestones, and repaved the road with stone door-steps seized from the neighboring houses. These steps were reclaimed and lovingly replaced by their owners after the war.

Prescott was captured in 1777 at his summer home by a daring band of Yankees under Col. William Barton.

On the 28th and 29th of August, 1778, Newport was the scene of one of the most important and hardest fought battles of the Revolution—the Battle of Rhode Island. The American forces under General Sullivan, having been left unsupported by the departure of the French fleet under Count d'Estaing, were obliged to withstand the furious onslaughts of the British and Hessian troops under Lord Howe. Sullivan's men were in the worst possible condition, but acquitted themselves with great bravery and spirit. Although the

battle resulted in the retreat of the American army, the effect was that of a victory over the British.

The retreat was none too soon, for heavy British reinforcements arrived, and General Prescott once more commanded the town. The winter of 1778 was so severe that all the available timber was used as fuel for the foreign troops; and to this is due the fact that Newport to this day has hardly any wood-land. As nothing was to be gained by remaining, the British forces evacuated Newport on October 25, 1779, leaving the once fair and prosperous town almost in ruins. Only the "Old Stone Mill" resisted the destruction, although kegs of powder were exploded under it. But once more Newport was free, and in the possession of her citizens. They repaired the demolished buildings, and resumed their business pursuits. They gladly welcomed the French forces under Comte de Rochambeau. This gallant officer, who wore a muff, was quartered in the Old Vernon house, still standing at the corner of Clarke and Mary Streets.

The Frenchmen paid well for their supplies, the town began to revive, and on the 25th of August, 1780, a grand fete was held, in which the Americans and Frenchmen, the Quakers and even the few remaining Indians joined to celebrate the return of peace. From that date, Newport may be said to have entered upon its unbroken career as the Social Capital of America.

On March 6, 1781, General Washington, with all the dignity and splendor of a conqueror, visited Newport, staying at Rochambeau's headquarters. A grand procession, dinner, and ball made this the most elaborate affair Newport had ever seen.

Newport was incorporated as a city on June 4, 1784, George Hazard being the first mayor.

Well does Newport deserve all the fine things that have been said of her. This city has always been a harbor of refuge,

especially for religious liberty and for rest and recuperation. Here the first settlers came in order to worship God as they pleased. Here for the same reason came, as early as 1666, a large body of Quakers. Here the sect of the Baptists was probably founded. Here came the Jews as early as 1658, and their synagogue, still standing on Touro Street, is the oldest in America. Cotton Mather called Newport "the common receptacle of the convicts of Jerusalem and the outcasts of the land".

The Lisbon earthquake and the Inquisition drove many Portuguese Jews to Newport, among them the rich Lopez, who owned Lopez Wharf, and the Touro, for whom Touro Street and Touro Park are named. They sleep in the quaint old cemetery near the synagogue. As Longfellow says,—

"How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves
Close by the street of this fair seaport town."

One of the pastors of the First Congregational Church in Newport was the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, the hero of Mrs. Stowe's novel, "The Minister's Wooing", which gives an excellent picture of Newport after the Revolution.

Trinity Church, on Spring Street, corner of Church Street, the oldest Episcopal church in the city, was built in 1725, although the congregation was organized much earlier. When finished, it was pronounced to be "the most beautiful timber structure in America". It has narrowly escaped destruction by storm and fire. On one occasion it was saved only by a bucket brigade composed of women. The interior of the church is very quaint, with its high box-stall pews and ancient pulpit with sounding-board,—the only three-decked pulpit still in service in New England. Many memorial tablets are on the walls, and the organ was presented by George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, in 1733. The surrounding graveyard contains many historical names on its mouldering stones, among them that of William Jefferay, the

regicide; and the Rev. James Honyman, one of the founders of the church.

Kay Chapel, connected with Trinity, is at the corner of High and Church Streets. It is the gift of Nathaniel Kay, who died in 1734, and is buried in the yard. Kay Street is also named for him.

The Catholic faith did not gain a foothold in Newport until the French occupation under Rochambeau. As there was no Catholic church, mass was held daily in the State House, in which any religious sect was free to worship.

The old State House, facing Washington Square, was built in 1739, and has been the scene of many important proceedings. From the State House steps the Declaration of Independence was read on July 20, 1776. For over 250 years, Newport was one of the capitals of Rhode Island, until the beginning of the present century, when the state government was centered at Providence.

The Granary, situate at the head of Long Wharf, and facing the "Parade" or Washington Square, was erected in 1763. It is after the Ionic order of architecture and cost £ 24,000, which sum was raised by a lottery. It was originally intended for a public market or granary, the records saying that the "upper part shall be divided into stores for dry goods, and all rents thereof, together with all profits be lodged in the town treasury of Newport toward a stock for purchasing grain for supplying a Public Granary forever. The lower part shall be used as a Market House, and for no other use forever." However, the old Granary was later renovated, and used for years as the City Hall. It is now a novelty shop.

Redwood Library, on Bellevue Avenue, one of the oldest libraries in America, was founded in 1747, by a number of generous citizens, chief of whom was Abraham Redwood, a Quaker, its first president. The library is filled with rare

old books, paintings, and curiosities. It suffered from the vandalism of the British soldiers during the Revolution; and only in recent years, through the public spirit of some of the members, has it regained its former standing.

On the grounds of the Redwood Library there grows a splendid fern-beech tree, so called from having been produced by the grafting of a fern upon a beech, by one Robert Johnston; this is the parent tree of all others of this particular species.

The People's Library, in Aquidneck Park, at Spring and Bowery Streets, is Newport's free public library. Both the building and the park on which it stands were presented to the people of Newport by George Gordon King, a public-spirited citizen. Strangers, by the deposit of \$2.00, are allowed the privileges of residents.

The Newport Historical Society, lower down on Touro Street, is housed in the old Seventh-Day Baptist Meeting-house, which has been recently completely encased in a fireproof structure. This is a veritable treasure-house of books and relics pertaining to Newport history.

Newport is the birthplace of Oliver Hazard Perry and Matthew Perry, the naval heroes, whose monuments stand in Washington Square and Touro Park.

Also in Touro Park stands the statue of one of Newport's greatest sons, William Ellery Channing, facing the Channing Memorial Church, a leading member of the Unitarian faith, which Channing founded. The beautiful stained-glass windows in this edifice are the work of John La Farge, and are considered the finest examples of this branch of art in America.

In the center of Touro Park, on the highest point of Rhode Island, stands the "Old Stone Mill", certainly the oldest and most interesting relic to be found in Newport, if not in the entire United States. This ancient structure, concerning the

origin of which no positive information exists, has always been the subject of a controversy which will probably never be settled. It is claimed by many who have given the matter deep and lengthy research, that this stone tower was erected by the Norsemen, on one of their pre-historic visits to America, as far back as the tenth century. It has been conjectured that the structure was intended as a beacon, to guide vessels; as a watch-tower; as a temple of worship; as a refuge from wild beasts and savages; and Longfellow in his "Skeleton in Armor" makes the old Viking sing:

"There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward."

Other and more prosaic students declare that the structure is not pre-historic at all, but that it was built as a windmill by Governor Benedict Arnold, after a somewhat similar mill near his former home at Leamington (or Chesterton), England. It is certain that Arnold owned the land upon which the tower stands, for in his will, he mentioned the fact, but he did not state that he built the mill; and it is moreover extremely doubtful if it ever was a mill at all, as the structure is not in the least adapted to the uses of a mill.

It is also said that the Indians found the tower when they took possession of the country, and that they could give no account of its origin. Clouded by so much conjecture and dispute, a few facts regarding this ancient ruin may be stated as certainties. It was skilfully built by human hands, from materials easily obtainable; it is constructed of wedge-shaped stones, cemented with shell-lime mortar, the walls, in the form of a true circle, being supported by eight pillars, forming open arches exactly on the points of the compass. In the wall, over one of the pillars, a fireplace is set, from which two flues run to the top. Two windows are irregularly

placed in the wall, perhaps indicating that a staircase connected two floors.

Some of the stones bear marks which may be construed as having Masonic significance. It is said that similar towers have been found in Scandinavian countries, which would give some credence to the theory that the Norsemen built this tower in Newport. But without deciding by whom, or for what purpose, it was built, let us simply say that here it stands, as it has stood for centuries, known as the "Old Stone Mill", a most remarkable relic of the forgotten past.

* * * *

Newport, we repeat, and summer visitors for over two hundred years have proclaimed it, is one of the loveliest and most desirable places of residence in the whole world. No section of America combines so delightfully all the pleasures and beauties of the seashore, with beach, surf, and rocks, together with all the charms and attractions of the country, with magnificent drives, spacious green fields, and beautiful gardens.

Blessed with a particularly healthful and pleasant climate, with all the advantages of bracing salt air, safe ocean bathing, and ample opportunity for sports of every description, Newport possesses vivacity and gayety which seem natural elements. Here invalids regain health, and well persons preserve it. Insomnia is unknown. The inhabitants are noted for their long, contented lives.

Foremost among the natural advantages are Newport's beaches. The most frequented is Newport, or Easton's, Beach, named after Nicholas Easton, the first settler, whose farm included this property. This is one of the finest and safest beaches on the Atlantic seaboard. It lies at the foot of Bath Road, and, easily reached by trolley cars, is immediately the Mecca for excursionists, who may here enjoy first of all, a "dip" into the ocean, then a genuine Rhode Island

shore dinner, then dancing, and all the other amusements of a well-regulated seaside resort.

Although the "rollers" on Easton's Beach are often of considerable height, yet the shore slopes so gradually, without holes or quicksands, that very few fatalities have ever occurred. The beach sometimes abounds with seaweed or algæ of a reddish color, but its presence need not deter bathers from entering the water, as this seaweed is perfectly clean, and in fact possesses decidedly health-giving properties. It is gathered by farmers for fertilizing.

The large pond opposite Easton's Beach, across Bath Road, contains fresh water, strange to say, and is in fact Newport's reservoir.

Beyond Easton's Beach, separated by the promontory on which stands the Clambake Club, lie Second (or Sachuest) and Third Beaches; Second Beach is the largest in extent, but is considered dangerous.

On the way to Second Beach, one should not miss seeing "Purgatory", a dizzy chasm cut into the high cliffs fronting on the water's edge. The ledge of rock is rent in twain by a sudden cleft over fifty feet high, from eight to twenty-four in width, and 162 feet long. Into this chasm the waves surge and boil as in a devil's cauldron. Indeed, the spot bears an ill name, as it has been the appropriate scene of more than one accident and suicide. A small stone on the summit bearing the initials "A. G. L.", commemorates the death of the son of Governor Lawrence, who met his death accidentally, while on a gunning expedition.

Nearby are the Hanging Rocks. On these picturesque rocks is a spacious niche called "Bishop Berkeley's Chair". The good Bishop's residence, "White Hall", is in the vicinity.

At the extreme end of Bellevue Avenue is Bailey's Beach, the society bathing-grounds, to which only subscribers are admitted.

No visit to Newport is complete without including the "Cliff Walk" and the "Ocean Drive". The Cliff Walk has justly been called by travelers competent to judge, the most beautiful walk in the world. It is a public path, beginning at Bath Road, just above Easton's Beach, and winding over the rocky cliffs and spacious lawns that border upon the ocean, for three and a half miles, until it reaches Bailey's Beach. On one side, forty feet below the path, the restless waves dash against the rocks; while on the other hand, lies a matchless panorama of no less than fifty estates, including some of America's most elegant residences, embowered in gardens of surpassing luxuriance.

Where Narragansett Avenue begins at the Cliff Walk is the wild and picturesque spot known as the "Forty Steps", so called from an iron stairway which leads from the road to the precipitous rocks below. In stormy weather, the spectacle of the angry waves dashing over the "Forty Steps" is awe-inspiring; and many too-venturesome persons have here lost their balance—and their lives.

The Cliff Walk winds to Ochre Point, where stands Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's magnificent home, "The Breakers". It passes under the ornate Chinese tea-house erected by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, near her mansion, "Marble House". Among other beautiful residences along the Cliff Walk may be mentioned those of Mr. William Gammell, Mr. Thomas Shaw Safe, Mr. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, Mr. August Belmont, Mrs. William Bateman Leeds, Mr. Vincent Astor, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, and Governor R. Livingston Beeckman. The Walk finally comes to an end when Bailey's Beach is reached, passing "Lippitt Castle", the immense baronial residence of Ex-Governor Lippitt.

The far-famed Ocean Drive begins where the Cliff Walk ends. It certainly ranks as one of the most beautiful drives

in America. Ocean Avenue skirts the water's edge for many miles, passing through scenes of the wildest nature, mingled with the most lavish displays of ornate architecture and landscape gardening. At the west end of Bailey's Beach is the famous Spouting Rock—which, however, spouts no longer. The ten miles of the Ocean Drive take the delighted observer along the south shore, past Hazard's Beach; Gooseberry Island; Graves Point (so-called from the graves of two shipwrecked sailors buried there), where the most exclusive and extravagant fishing club in the country has its club-house; past Bateman's, where a summer-house has been built, a replica of the Old Stone Mill, (to mystify future archaeologists); past Castle Hill, Fort Adams, and Brenton's Cove; along the crest of Halidon Hill; and back to the city by way of Harrison Avenue.

But before reaching the Ocean Drive, one must travel the length of Bellevue Avenue, that world-famous thoroughfare of wealth and fashion, running from the top of Touro Street, at the Jews' Cemetery, in a straight line for three miles to Bailey's Beach. This splendid avenue was first merely a lane called Jew Street, extending only to Bowery Street. But as Newport increased in favor as a summer resort, and attracted a larger number of the wealthiest and most prominent members of society, sporting, and national life, the avenue was laid out on a generous scale, furnishing on both sides of the road splendid sites for the palatial residences which the rich owners were not slow to build. Perhaps no other residential thoroughfare of equal length in the entire world presents so great a magnificence and represents so much wealth as Bellevue Avenue.

After Touro Park is passed, comes a succession of shops which cater to the wants and caprices of the fashionable throng, and are mostly run during the summer season by leading New York firms.

The Casino, at the corner of Bath Road, is the center of Newport's gayety. This is a private club, to which the members of the social colony subscribe. Within the Casino's spacious grounds are facilities for sports and pleasures of various kinds; here the annual Horse Show, the Tennis Tournament, and similar affairs are held. The public is admitted to the Sunday evening musical concerts.

Other drives in Newport well worth taking are: the West Road, from Broadway to Bristol Ferry, nine miles by Lawton's Valley, the coal mine, and Portsmouth Grove; the East Road, from Broadway to Stone Bridge, twelve miles; Paradise Road, from Second Beach, by the Hanging Rocks, to Indian Avenue, and along the east shore.

The splendid estates along Bellevue Avenue, (and indeed along all the main thoroughfares of Newport), may be readily identified by the fanciful and mellifluent names given them by their owners, and which generally appear (out of consideration for the curiosity of strangers) upon the gateposts. To ascertain the occupants of any residence, the reader of this guide-book has only to consult the alphabetical list of cottages contained herein.

The Newport Artillery Company is the oldest Military Organization in the country, having received its Charter from King George of England in 1741, and having been organized from 1741 up to the present date. Some of the best citizens of the city have been its officers, and many have served in its ranks. It holds an enviable position in the military world, and forms the body guard of the Governor of Rhode Island. Its Armory is situated on Clark Street, off Washington Square, and visitors are always welcome.

Newport has always been a military, and especially a naval base for the United States Government. Its location on the Atlantic coast, its fine harbor and numerous islands, render it particularly adaptable as a headquarters for Uncle Sam's

big ships; while the officers contribute no small part to Newport's social life. In fact, many of them have liked the old city so well that they have made their permanent homes here.

Fort Adams and Fort Greble, the Naval Training Station, the War College, the Torpedo Station, etc., are established in Newport harbor.

Fort Adams was laid out in 1799 on Brenton's Point by the Chevalier de Tousard, a French engineer in Rochambeau's army, and was named in honor of President John Adams. The fort was greatly enlarged and strengthened in 1824 by Major Totten.

The Training Station and the War College are on Coasters' Harbor Island, and the Torpedo Station is on Goat Island, both easy of access in the harbor.

Lime Rock Light, in the inner harbor, was kept for many years by the famous Ida Lewis, the "Grace Darling of America", so called from having saved so many lives from drowning.

On Mill Street, facing Touro Park, is the fine old mansion where lived Major-General Nathaniel Greene. Here he entertained Lafayette, Baron Steuben, Kosciusko, and other celebrities. Governor Gibbs later resided in this house.

The Newport Mercury is the oldest newspaper in America, having been established in 1758 by James Franklin, nephew of Benjamin Franklin.

Among the celebrities who have lived at Newport may be mentioned Professor Agassiz, Washington Allston, the painter, George Bancroft, James Gordon Bennett, Professor and Mrs. Botta, Julia Ward Howe, Dr. William Bull, J. Fenimore Cooper, F. Marion Crawford, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Bishop Henry Codman Potter, John La Farge, Professor Pumpelly, Charlotte Cushman, Gilbert Stuart, Edward G. Malbone, the miniaturist; Corné, the

Italian painter (and the first person to eat tomatoes); and many others noted in art, literature, science, and public life. Captain Kidd, the pirate, made Newport his headquarters, living in a house on Franklin Street, near the post-office. Perhaps his treasure still lies buried somewhere in Newport, or its environs.

These environs require a word of notice. On the island of Rhode Island proper, are the towns of Portsmouth and Middletown. The latter is the home of St. George's School, one of the best preparatory boys' schools in the country. In Portsmouth there is a coal mine, which has lain in disuse since the eighteenth century.

Jamestown is situated on a beautiful island in Narragansett Bay, to the west of Newport, and has a large summer colony of its own. While across the bay, on the mainland, is Narragansett Pier, a summer resort which vies with Newport in the number of its wealthy summer visitors and in the splendor of its social affairs.

But with Newport alone is this guide concerned. The city has over 30,000 inhabitants who reside here all the year round, and it is said that this population is increasing gradually. But the number of people who spend all or part of their summer in Newport, and the hordes of excursionists who enjoy its charms for at least one day, is beyond computation; and it may be said with certainty that this number is not decreasing, but that each year, and for as many years as Newport possesses its peerless beauties that have made it the Social Capital of America, and the loveliest summer resort in the world, it will continue to attract new admirers from every part of the globe.

List of Churches in Newport

BAPTIST.

First Baptist John Clarke Memorial Church, Spring St., cor. Sherman.
Second Baptist Church, Clarke St.
Mount Olivet Baptist Church (Colored), 79 Thames St.
Shiloh Baptist Church (Colored), School and Mary Sts.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Union Congregational Church (Colored), Division St., bet. Church and Mary.
United Congregational Church, Spring and Pelham Sts.

EPISCOPAL.

Emmanuel Church, Spring and Dearborn Sts.
St. George's Church, Rhode Island Av., near Broadway.
Trinity Church, Spring and Church Sts.
Zabriskie Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist, Washington and Willow Sts.

EVANGELICAL.

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church, Corné St.

FRIENDS.

Society of Friends Meeting-house, Farewell and Marlborough Sts.

JEWISH.

Touro Synagogue (Jeshuath Israel), Touro St.

METHODIST.

First Methodist Episcopal Church, Marlborough St., near Charles.
Mt. Zion A. M. E. Church (Colored), Bellevue Av., next to Jewish Cemetery.
Swedish M. E. Church, Annandale Road.
Thames Street M. E. Church, Thames and Brewer Sts.

PRESBYTERIAN.

First Presbyterian Church, Broadway and Equality Park.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Church of the Holy Name of Mary, Our Lady of the Isle, Spring and Mary Sts.
St. Augustin Church, Carroll Av., cor Harrison Av.
St. Joseph's Church, Broadway, cor. Mann Av.

UNITARIAN.

Channing Memorial Church, Pelham St., opp. Touro Park.

OTHER RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Christian Science Society, "Old Meeting House", Barney St.
Salvation Army, 29 Touro St.

List of Cottages

Althorp, Ochre Point, John Thompson Spencer.
Anchorage, The, Old Beach Road, Dr. S. C. Powell.
Anglesea, Ochre Point, Mrs. Frederick Pearson.
Armsea Hall, Charles F. Hoffman.
Athenwood, Rhode Island Avenue, John W. Burgess.
Bay Bank, Washington Street, W. B. Fletcher.
Bay View, Halidon Avenue, Lewis Quentin Jones.
Beachmound, Bellevue Avenue, (Thaw) Mrs. Fletcher Ryer.
Beacon Hill House, Arthur Curtiss James.
Beacon Rock, Harrison Avenue, Edwin D. Morgan.
Beaucoin, 53 Everett Street, John DuFais.
Beaulieu, Bellevue Avenue, Cornelius Vanderbilt.
Beaumaris, Brenton and Wickham Roads, J. G. Wentz.
Beech Bound, Harrison Avenue, Mrs. A. A. Clarke.
Beech Lodge, 127 Rhode Island Avenue, Miss Louise W. McAllister.
Beechwood, Bellevue Avenue, Vincent Astor.
Belcourt, Lake View Avenue, Belmont Estate.
Bellacre, Ledge Road and Bellevue Avenue, O. G. Jennings.
Belmead, Bellevue and Ruggles Avenues, Mrs. George S. Scott.
Berkeley Villa, Bellevue Avenue, Miss Martha C. Codman.
Bethshan, Gibbs Avenue, Mrs. Theodore K. Gibbs.
Bleak House, Ocean Avenue, Marsden J. Perry.
Bluffs, The, Tuckerman Avenue, (Bancroft) Miss Helen Brice.
Bonniecrest, Harrison Avenue, Stuart Duncan.
Boxcroft, 17 Red Cross Avenue, Miss Mary Appleton.
Breakers, The, Ochre Point, Mrs. Vanderbilt.
Breakwater, The, Ledge Road, Charles Warren Lippitt.
Brent Lodge, R. I. Avenue, (Miss Mason) Mrs. Geo. L. Bradley.
Broadlawns, Ridge Road, (Ledyard) Mrs. George T. Bliss.
Bushy Park, Bath Road and Cliff Avenue, Dr. R. V. Mattison.
By-the-Sea, Bellevue and Marine Avenues, August Belmont.
Castlewood, Girard Avenue, Mrs. Hanan.
Cave Cliff, Leroy Avenue, Mrs. John Rutledge Abney.
Cedars, The, Catherine Street, Mrs. Edward T. Potter.
Chalet, The, Halidon Hill, H. L. Willoughby.
Chastellux, Chastellux Avenue, (Spencer) Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.
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Chateau Nooga, Bellevue Avenue, W. B. Bristow.
Chepstow, Narragansett Avenue, R. Horace Gallatin.
Cherry Neck Bungalow, Ocean Avenue, Huntington Wilson.
Chetwode, Bellevue Avenue, W. Storrs Wells.
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Clover Nook, Annandale Road, Cazeau Pinard.
Coed Mawr, Indian Avenue, Rev. J. P. Conover.
Cosy Nook, Bellevue Avenue, Mrs. E. G. Tinker.
Court End Cottage, Bellevue Court, Admiral C. McR. Winslow.
Crossways, Ocean Avenue, Stuyvesant Fish.

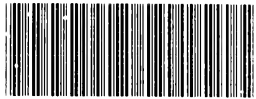
Daisy Bank, Clay Street, (Herrick) Dr. Valentine Mott.
Daleswell, Gibbs Avenue, James Andrews Swan.
DeRham Cottage, Bellevue Avenue, (Weld) George Howard.
Dyke, The, Eustis Avenue, (Ellis) Miss Mabel Norman.
Eastbourne Lodge, R. I. Avenue, Henry J. Whitehouse.
Echo Nook, Dudley Avenue, H. E. Yarnell.
Edgehill, Beacon Hill Road (James) E. Hayward Ferry.
Edna Villa, Bellevue Avenue, Milton S. Barger.
Elm Court, Bellevue Avenue, Mrs. Burke-Roche.
Elm Lodge, Old Beach Road, (Hone) Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer.
Elms, The, Bellevue Avenue, Edward J. Berwind.
Fairhaven, Catherine Street, Col. Joseph H. Willard.
Fairholm, Ochre Point, John R. Drexel.
Fairlawn, Bellevue Avenue, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden.
Faxon Lodge, Cliff Avenue, Frank K. Sturgis.
Fo-Castle, Ocean Drive, Mrs. William Murray.
Friedheim, Harrison Avenue, H. O. Havemeyer.
Gables, The, Rhode Island Avenue, (Potter) Mrs. Henry Winthrop Gray.
Gooseneck, Ocean Avenue, Jerome C. Borden.
Gravelcourt, Narragansett Avenue, (Lanier) R. K. Cassatt.
Gray Craig, Paradise Avenue, Mrs. F. W. Goodman.
Gray Croft, Berkeley Avenue, (Flint) Harry LaMontagne.
Greystone, Ochre Point, Mrs. John J. Wysong.
Gull Rock, Yznaga Avenue, (Sorchan) Leonard M. Thomas.
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Harbourview, Halidon Hill, Mrs. French Vanderbilt.
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Louisiana, Easton's Point, Lyman C. Josephs.
Malbone, Malbone Avenue, Mrs. Francis Morris.
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Mapleshade, Red Cross Avenue, Mrs. Stuyvesant Leroy.

Marble House, Bellevue Avenue, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.
Mariemont, Honeyman Hill, Mrs. T. J. Emery.
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Maryholme, 123 Gibbs Avenue, (Sterner) Dudley Davis.
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Mill Cottage, Bellevue Avenue, Mrs. Theodore F. Kane.
Miramar, Bellevue Avenue, Mrs. George D. Widener.
Mon Etui, 44 Bellevue Avenue, Mrs. James J. Brown.
Moorings, The, Harrison Avenue, Mrs. Robert R. Hitt.
Mossbank, 58 Washington Street, Dr. H. R. Storer.
Mount Airie, Harrison Avenue, Mrs. E. Livingston Ludlow.
Needwood, Parker Avenue, Miss Georgianna Gordon King.
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New Lodge, Bellevue Avenue (Fairchild).
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Oak View Villa, Bellevue and Narragansett Avenues, J. Stewart Barney.
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Ocean View, Bellevue Avenue and The Cliffs, Ogden Mills.
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 Seacroft, Honeyman Hill Road, Charles J. Livingood.
 Seafield, Ocean Avenue, George Henry Warren.
 Seaverge, Bellevue Avenue, Elbridge T. Gerry.
 Sea View, Marine Avenue, Mrs. James P. Kernochan.
 Sea Weed, Bailey's Beach, C. W. Dolan.
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 Wildmoor, Hammersmith Road, Charles L. Baker.
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 Wrestholme, Catherine Street, Walker Breese Smith.
 Wyndham, Beacon Hill, Miss Rosa Anne Grosvenor.
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